1st.

A NEW SONG.

Ag^l Shaftsbury & Duke of Monmouth.

To the Tune of *Robin Goodfellow.*

24. Aug. 1682.

THough *Shaftsbury* is cleared by
The Cunning *Ignoramus* Sway:
He guilty ſtands of Treachery
That does not Heavens decrees obey,
Kings are Elected,
Never rejected,
But by the Heavenly pow'rs above;
Then pray you why
Should little *Anthony*
Then have a hand in a Kings remove.

II.

He is ſo mad, I wonder much,
That's going to his Grave on Crutch,
That Knows the Laws, ſome Princes draws
Amongſt the *Whiggs*, to *The Good Old Cauſe.*
His praiſes aloud
Are reſounded by the Croud,
Makes the little Pigmy ſtrut and ſtare;
Then pray you why
May not little *Anthony*
Once more wear his Loyalty thred bare.

III.

His Policy muſt greater be,
Ere he attains his Zealous ends;
Although he wheadles the City Beagles,
And ſuch poor Mechanick Friends,
They will turn as faſt
Honeſt men at the laſt
As they before turn'd fools and Knaves;
Then pray you why
May not little *Anthony*
Once more his Turn-coat honor ſave.

IV.

Muſt we be led in Miſery
By the blind that can but will not ſee;
Their frantick brains brought into th' wain
Thoſe Royal Scars of *Charlemain*;
And if not watcht,
Or by *Tyburn* Catcht,
Will ſtrive to do it once again;
Then pray you why
May not little *Anthony*
Be the bearer up of that fine Train.

V.

Might they have their wills, what would they make
Of this ſmall grunting groaning Ape,
A God they cannot, a King they ſhall not:
An Idol their zealous concerns may not,
No, but they would,
If that they could
Set up him a ſecond *Cromwell* ſoon;
Then pray you why
May not little *Anthony*
For once be made the man i'th' Moon.

VI.

VI.

This changeing Imp is now become
Our Loyal Cities only grace,
The Devil ne're made ſike another Loon
To aim before at a Royal place,
Nothing but *Copper*
Muſt be their Hoops,
On *Aſhes* not on Heaven, they call
Then pray you why
May not little *Anthony*
Once in a Chair of State look Tall.

VII.

But if the Law, as once before,
Was of the Tyrant Sword in Awe:
Little Jack a Dandy that never yet ſwore,
For ſafety would to a Monarch draw,
He would leave the City,
Yes, and Committee;
To the King he would for mercy haſte;
Then pray you why
Should little *Anthony*
Any more ale time in his Cabals waſte.

VIII.

To Jealouſie now more are given
Than Ancient Leachers, wiſe and grave:
This cunning Fox, though he be Poxt,
His policy will honor ſave.
He ſcorns for to fail,
Though a Chit ſeize his Tail
At any thing of woman Kind;
Then pray you why
May not little *Anthony*
With *Whoring* be both lame and blind.

IX.

But if he ſaid the Whore was honeſt
That betray'd him in his Youth,
The zealous all, both great and ſmall,
Would all believe it for a truth,
Bear him to *Wallbrook* Croſs,
And Set him on the Horſe,
Diſmount the Image of your King;
Then pray you why
May not little *Anthony*
Look as like as he can to ſike a Thing.

X.

Then on your Knees, moſt reverently,
Fall down and worſhip the Molten Calf:
Or take him and hang ——— him decently,
For that's the better way by half,
Then all may ſee
Our Polity
Brought to right deſerved end
Then pray you why
May not little *Anthony*
Shake Hands at *Tower-hill* with his friends.

XI.

Some old men doubtleſs there are
Of women mad paſt all compare:
This Luſtful Ram, we need not doubt,
Although he is pincht with the Gout,
Will ſit in State,
Frigg into debate,
The factious people all he can;
Then pray you why
May not little *Anthony*
Or Wheadled *Monmouth* lead the Van.

XII.

No place within the Earthly Ball,
Beſides this Kingdom giveth birth
To men ſo vile, as would beguile
Their Country, lay their Kings in Earth
Before they are grown,
Scarce Set upon a Throne,
They are degraded and caſt down;
Then pray you why
May not little *Anthony*
Be ſeen like a *Mouſe* in an *Ermin* Gown.

XIII.

When they are well they cannot keep ſo,
All the Univerſe can tell,
Their zealous Piety makes them weep ſo;
They are not afraid to rule in Hell:
Give them the Scepter,
Drunk with a Lector,
Tey ſell both Kings and Souls for Gold;
Then pray you why
May not little *Anthony*
With a Second Monarch now make bold.

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